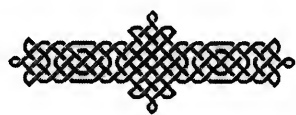


LEGACY



2007

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LEGACY

2007

EDITORS

Kayla McAuliffe
Beth-Anne Vanderlaan
Jason Vanderlaan

EDITOR'S PAGE

We would like to thank the following:

Ms. Helen Pyke for the opportunity to be the editors of the Legacy this year and for supporting (and feeding) the aspiring writers at Southern.

Judy Clippinger for passing on her wisdom, knowledge, and Quark files to us.

Matthew Lucio for helping with the advertising.

Our judges for their time and effort in reading and selecting our contest winners.

And all those who contributed their works. Without you there would be no Legacy.

Lastly, we would like to thank each other. It was only through our joint effort as a team that we were able to do this (and not individually end up in the insane asylum).

Sincerely,
Your 2007 Legacy Editors

My Genesis

~Franklin Radcliff~

In my beginning there was darkness and night
And then like a divine word there entered a light
The brightness of this light did change my life
No longer is it pain, toil, and strife
And though the light has passed and is gone
A gentle warm glow remains and lingers on
This glow is the hope of a light lived out right
With time it may grow to become something bright
So that I may be good when I enter your sight
It is this hope that makes my being a little more bright



photo by Marlin Thorman

Why I Sing

~Brittany Blankenship~

**"Ubi caritas et amor"*

("Where there is genuine affection and love")

Thick silence reigns like heavy air
Before a western rain cloud pours.
It holds us captive, muscles taut,
Just waiting for the cloud to burst
And silence blossom into sound.
Our hearts and mouths and minds together
– As flowing fountains gather – sing,
And tender rain begins to fall.

"Deus ibi est"

("God is there")

A shimmering cloud is shaped and formed
Between the voices and the hands;
It's stretched and formed, created new,
As once the stars and heavens were.
And even in a thunderstorm,
The Lord is always present there.
So let the raindrops gather, fall –
He glories with us in the storm.

"Congregavit nos in unum Christi amor"

("Let us gather together in the unity of Christ's love")

A cloud of sound now rolls and tumbles
Throughout the church and universe.
Not our voices, only, sing
But angels join us, singing too.

"Exsultemus et in ipso jucundemur"
("Rejoice exceedingly in one accord")

A higher note – another praise –
Is added to the ringing bells
Like sparkling snow atop a mount
That, reaching, tries to capture God:
Forever upward, onward, more.

Until we see His holy face.
Rejoice, rejoice on high, rejoice
Together all in one accord.

"Timeamus et amemus Deum vivum"
(*"Let us worship the living God"*)

The cloud climbs higher, deeper still,
Between our mouths and minds and hands,
As shards of light now pierce our hearts
And we ascend to worship God

"Et ex corde diligamus nos sincero"
(*"With a heart full of sincerity"*)

The shimmering cloud now rolls away.
It formed my heart and gave a glimpse
Of One who shaped the stars and stretched
The heavens across the universe.
So even in my thunderstorms,
I see His face reflected there.
With every shiny, dewy drop
His love and glory showers us.

"Deus ibi est"
(*"God is there"*)

Though some may call it frivolous,
I can never say the same;
For song is like a glorious cloud
With eternal creativity.
Our hearts and minds and mouths can join
To sing our praise to King of kings.
When voices gather, singing Him,
His Spirit rains and He is there.

* *"Ubi Caritas"* is a choral piece in Latin by Maurice Duruflé

Smokey Mountain Trail

~Megan Elmendorf~

As I follow the footsteps of those now gone,
A mournful echo creeps in upon me,
While a cool mist drifts across the purple dawn
And the perceptive music of nature makes a soft plea.~
Rushing water over bulky black boulders
Is thunder crashing through the mountains.
The world twirling on Atlas' shoulders,
Spins whirling rivers and fountains. ~
Dancing shadows across a velvet carpet of moss,
And the cries of grinding pebbles underfoot,
Are secrets of old that are not lost;
With a history that is black as soot.~
I find my body in the rolling blue ridges:
Thick roots are my backbone
Arteries--rivers running under bridges
Nature is my beating heart encased in a green throne.~
Mysterious pathways branch away;
Entwining roots gather 'round trees;
With jagged cliffs towering grey;
And whispers of old sing in the breeze.



photo by Brian Gonzalez

Music

~Sarah Cordes~

More beautiful than sunset
And deeper than the deepest sea
It reaches to the depths of
The human heart in me.

It's the universal language
Of heaven, earth and seas.
Without it man would perish;
Without it life would cease.

Music soothes away the hurt
Found deep within the soul.
It heals the deadly pain
And makes the person whole.

It reaches ever deeper,
Beyond where thoughts are found,
It cannot just be heard,
No, feelings must abound.

For of all the heart can feel,
Music is the best.
Through the endless pain of earth
That never gives us rest

Music leads us on to
The goal to win the prize
Where pain is no more,
Nor tears in our eyes.

Forever with the Lord,
No death forevermore,
We'll praise Him with our music,
As nothing heard before.

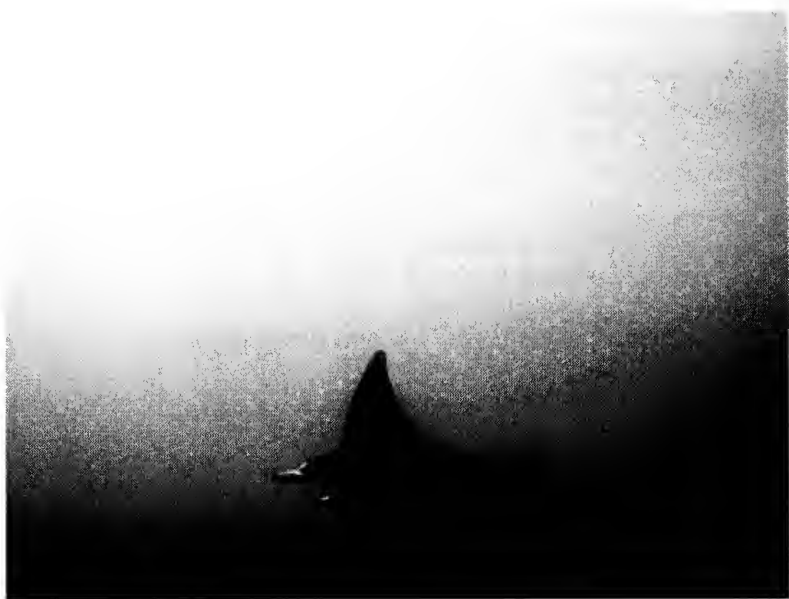


photo by Matthew White

Beauty

~Kristin Thomas~

The beauty of this world
With You could ne'er contend;
To reach Your majesty,
Our world cannot pretend.

But You, dear Lord and King,
In humans left a trace
Of beauty quite Divine-
Your image gain'd through grace.



photo by Beth-Anne Vanderlaan



photos by Marlin Thorman

Two Roads Diverged in a Wood...

~Edward Georgeson~

“...And I—took the one less traveled by, and that has made all the difference.” Thus ends a rather famous poem by Robert Frost. However, it also accurately describes an experience I had last mid-term break. Because I hail from the foreign land of California, I was stranded here at Southern.

This resulted in my becoming ridiculously bored on Sabbath afternoon. And what do fine, upstanding men such as myself do when bored on a Sabbath afternoon when there are only five other people on campus? Why, wander aimlessly in the woods, of course. It is an intrinsically masculine activity to explore the outer regions of civilization, and I do so enjoy things that are intrinsically masculine. Besides, I couldn’t find anything I could set fire to.

By “outer regions of civilization” I mean the Biology Trail. Stop laughing—my car was inoperable, so the outer regions needed to be within walking distance. So yes, I was wandering along on the Biology Trail, when I saw a path that went straight up the mountain. I’d never been to the top of the mountain, so up I went.

I arrived at the top of the mountain, and stopped to sit and ponder serious matters, such as school, girls, and food. Content with myself, I decided to head back to campus. There was a minor problem, however. I couldn’t find the path I’d used to reach the mountaintop.

“No problem.” I thought to myself. “Real men don’t need paths.” So, I forced my way through the brush towards the general area where the path had been. Shortly thereafter, I arrived at a path. However, it quickly became apparent that this was not the original path. This was a different path, which went who knows where. I figured it had to lead to the main path eventually, so I went jogging down it.

Two hours later, I was still jogging down it. Or should I say lethargically limping down it. Yet, the path back to campus still was not revealing itself. Finally, I came to a fork in the trail. It occurred to me that I would be lost in the dark shortly, meaning

the path I chose would be vital to my survival and flawless night check record.

So, I fell to my knees and asked God to show me the right path. I had initially intended to go one way, because it looked more like where I wanted to go, but felt impressed to go the other instead. So I went down the other path, and promptly arrived on campus.

The whole experience reminded me that God is there to help us make our decisions. We just have to ask. How can God help you today?

“Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and lean not on your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct your paths.” Proverbs 3:5-6 NKJV



photo by Matthew White

Question

~Sara Schaeitzka~

The diary
The pen
The infatuation—

A fairytale

That kiss
That feeling
That ridiculous—

Reality:

It strikes
It lurks
It creates—

This masterpiece

A poem
A song
A truth—

Loneliness

You absence
Your smile
Your presence—

It all haunts me.

One question:
does it haunt you?

Kiss the Moon

~Brittany Blankenship~

Oh when I hear the pine boughs sigh
Or see the clouds that dance and play
O're fields that glisten with the light
That, laughing, dares to capture day,
I dream a dream that captures me
Like the moon that holds the sun
While winking stars look on with glee.

This dream I sought now holds me fast
And binds my heart to its sad end,
For no sweet dream will last for long
While clinging hope the truth will bend...
Abandoning - 'twill still possess -
It mocks me with its lonely wind,
What once was magical caress.

But now I see the glimmer faint;
The golden breath and faithful dawn
Of One that comes to rescue me
And carry me to love beyond
To dance and dabble in the light,
So that I too may kiss the moon
And bid "Farewell, forever, night!"



photo by Marlin Thorman

Smalltown China

~Vanessa Pham~

A foreigner,
I pass a boy in the bustling street
pleading,
reaching out for help,
holding another in his lap
whose face is battered,
body is limp
like a soiled bag of bones.
My wide, dry eyes
are glued to his tears
as the cart driver pedals on
the boy's wails fade
into the busyness;
his form melts
into the crowds
scurrying about the marketplace,
bargaining their day's wages
on slabs of goat meat and plump mangos,
one more meal for their children.

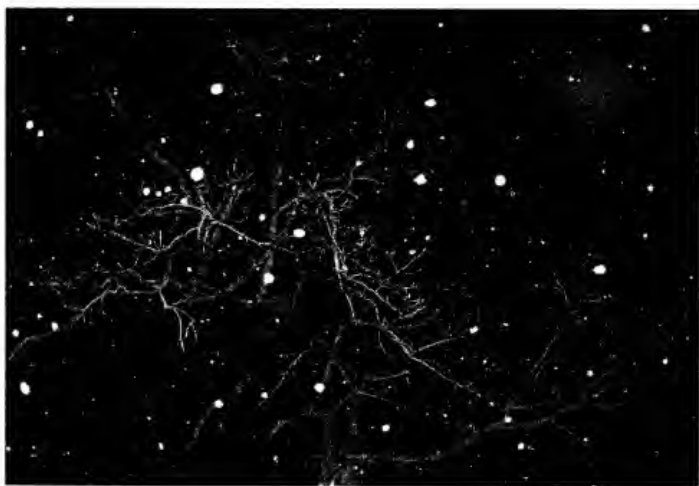


photo by Emily Appel

Shadows

~Emily Appel~

As children we play with them
We chase them, we try to capture them.
We hide in them and from them,
But they always remain.

Shadows are only apparent in the light
They cannot be found in the dark.
But they are not light
They are darkness betraying their source.

As we grow, shadows take on new meanings
They no longer hold our fascination
They become something to fear or to dread
We hide in the dark so as not to see them.

Yet those shadows are everywhere,
With new dimensions come new rules
Shadows no longer only live in the light
They can be found anywhere you look.

I found a new shadow today
A shadow that I could not escape
The shadow I saw broke my heart
It was the shadow of a man.

This shadow had his face
It had his arms and legs and feet
But it was nothing more than a shadow
Of the man he used to be.

Light did not create this shadow
Disease and illness had that honor
They had no respect for his goodness
They ignored the pain wrought by their deed.

How can a man become a shadow?
Why must it be so?

Ah, the innocence of youth
A time when shadows were simple.
Instead I must now say goodbye
To a man who has become a shadow.

Requiem

~Megan Elmendorf~

I.

Hush now, beloved,
do not weep for me;
I merely slumber in silence.
Hush now, love,
do not mourn for me;
these orbs will open in time.
Hush now, dearest,
do not wilt for me;
we will dance together soon.
Live each day as if it were a lifetime;
Always carry on after sorrow;
Take joy in the little pleasures of creation;
Give love to all who lack it.
Hush now, friend,
do not lay blame on God;
my life will be restored.

II.

Close your eyes now, picture me,
I smile with joy and laughter.
Open your eyes, look at me,
I am cold from death's embrace.
Life does not end with me, do not live as such.
Keep your eyes closed, for only a moment,
and the pain will ease.
Open your eyes, with strength from the Lord,
and the reality of existence will close in.
Never give up to failure, always keep on;
laugh and dance for joy in the face of sorrow.
Grieve if you must, but only for a moment,
for I rest in peaceful sleep.
May you live with joyous laughter, for all eternity,
and smiles will cover our tranquil faces when we meet again.

Adventures in Cooking

~Judy Clippinger~

What is it that makes us enjoy trying new things? Maybe we like to experiment in the kitchen because it's the last stage of rebellion against our mothers who were constantly telling us not to play with our food. Now that we're adults, we can play with our food all we want.

Children often scare their parents, sometimes for good reason but often unintentionally. Now that I live more than 10 hours away from my parents and just dropping by isn't an option, they call me almost every Sunday evening to see how things are going. When they called me on New Year's Day of 2006, I told them how I had rung in the new year: sitting on the couch, watching TV, finishing off the last of the sparkling grape juice, and reading a tofu cookbook. Not exactly standard fare for a meat-and-potatoes household, and it sounded strange to them. And I have to admit that I'm not vegan, or even vegetarian. But I'm not immune to the lure of new culinary experiences or to the influence of friends, even poor little misguided Catholic ones who, if they could get away with it, would change the dress code to say that everyone had to wear orange on Fridays. So anyway, I was trying to figure out if I could make sugar cream pie without the milk. I wanted the creamy filling and the flaky crust, just not the calories and cholesterol that usually come with it. Since I had already made pumpkin pie with tofu, I thought surely sugar cream pie couldn't be that hard.

However, between classes and club activities, I didn't have much time to play around with the idea. I went online and found a recipe, but it languished in my flash drive for nearly a month. Then a certain friend of mine, who I'll call Hamlet, mentioned that he wanted to go to Writer's Club. He'd been putting it off for one reason or another for some time and wanted to make sure that he finally got there.

I agreed to pick him up at a quarter to six on Wednesday, and as we parted ways, I was inspired to do something nice. This happens quite often, actually, but going out of my way to do something nice must often yield to more practical considerations, like the need to go to work, do assignments, and write essays. But Hamlet was planning to graduate in the spring, and this might have been the only time that he actually made it to a Writer's Club meeting. And since he's vegan, it seemed like the perfect time to make the pie.

The first hurdle that I had to get over was the fact that I didn't have a blender. Having experimented with tofu cookery a little in the past, I

knew that a hand mixer wouldn't do the job. So before buying the ingredients, I went to the small appliances section to get a blender. I quickly eliminated the one with the plastic jar because wildly swirling metal blades and plastic jars just don't go together. But how many speeds did I need? 6? 10? 12? And how much horsepower? 350? 400? How many horses did it take to mash tofu, anyway?

Taking the Hamilton Beach BlendMaster with its 12 speeds, 400 horsepower motor, and 44 oz. square glass jar, I went over to the baking aisle to get some rice flour. Rebecca, the person who posted the recipe on the Internet, said that she preferred rice flour to cornstarch in the recipe, so I thought I'd give it a try. However, Wal-Mart apparently doesn't carry rice flour, so I had to add a stop at the Village Market to my itinerary.

Valentine's Day was coming up, so I decided to dress up the pie with some of those candy hearts that people sometimes put on cakes. But as I was reading the list of ingredients I discovered that they contained—horror of horrors—egg white solids. Putting them back on the shelf, I settled for some of the sprinkle hearts which are apparently kosher, based on the circled U on the label, and vegan, with no animal products listed in the ingredients.

With only one item left to pick up, I headed for the tofu, located in the produce aisle in the front of the store. This, however, was quickly added to my VM list as I found the only two packages of silken tofu at Wal-Mart were leaking all over the shelf. Note to Wal-Mart: things containing liquids and stored in plastic trays should be displayed horizontally, not vertically. And don't use a razor to open the cartons.

The rest of my trip was uneventful, and for the most part making the pie was uneventful also. I had to raise an eyebrow, however, when Rebecca's instructions said to spoon the filling into the crust. Pour seemed to be a better word. And, I thought, if I made this recipe again, I'd probably get two crusts, as the filling was considerably more than one crust could handle. After sliding the pie and the bowl of leftover filling into the fridge, I sat down to wait and tried to resist the urge to open the door every five minutes to check on my creation. Later, I would change into something orange, as I had told Hamlet I would, sprinkle the little candy hearts on the pie, and pick up that certain friend in front of the dorm. That night, we'd share soup and pizza and food for thought, and I'd make a desperate plea for submissions for the 2006 Legacy. ("To

write or not to write, that is the question...”)

I passed the time until I had to leave at my kitchen table, writing about these pretty mundane events and thinking about the discussion we had in World Lit class that afternoon, and how we need to be happy with the mundane things in life, because that’s what most of life is.

Update: The pie did not set up in the fridge, so I put it in the freezer. And Hamlet was not waiting for me in front of the dorm; I had to hunt him down in the cafeteria. The pie came out with a grainy texture, and I didn’t make it again. I later compared the tofu-pumpkin pie recipe with a regular recipe, and extrapolated from a regular sugar cream pie recipe to create a tofu version that isn’t bad. This isn’t a refrigerated pie but a baked one, which is what I wanted to begin with. Oh, well, live and learn.

VEGAN SUGAR CREAM PIE

1 (16 oz.) pkg. firm tofu
1 tbsp. vanilla
water
? c. rice flour
1? c. sugar
unbaked pie shell

Preheat oven to 450?.

Drain tofu and cut into pieces. Place in blender with vanilla and blend until smooth, adding small amounts of water as necessary. Add flour and blend. Add sugar and blend until smooth.

Pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake at 450? for 10 minutes and then at 325? for 35 minutes more.

REVERENCE

~Vanessa Pham~

The cat meowed for more
after ingesting
the last crumbs of cheese.

Instead of yielding to her pleas,
I yielded to my God
about bigger problems,
praying aloud to hear myself
over the cat's high-pitched demands.

After some minutes,
silence.

I raised my head
to see the cat
still,
sitting on her haunches,
mouth and eyes closed,
head bowed
like a humbled Sphinx,
as though my prayer
petitioned her to pause
for something greater
than cheese.

Waves

~Brittany Blankenship~

I envy your sunshine smile and surfer curls.
You are breezy freedom rolling –
A tangy mango wave.

My smile cracks between my cloud of curls.
I roll from bed and crash throughout the day,
A torrid swirling storm.

You're jelous of my marching soldier grades.
I wish they'd dance and play like yours,
A spicy, reckless tango

But I'll keep crashing, marching, trudging, though
I wonder when I'll trade my A's
For tangy mango waves.



photo by Matthew White

When There's No Way

~Melissa Faifer~

After the pain,
After the tears,
A quiet voice that calms all fears.

After the tempest,
After the flood,
The form of the one who shed his blood.

After the doubt,
After the search,
Pure white is the snow of one's rebirth.

When there's no way,
When you can't deal,
His everlasting love is there, its real.

When there's no light,
When there's no rope,
A rainbow painted across the sky fills you with hope.

When angst and depression urge you to roam,
Rest assured, you'll never be alone.



photo by Emily Appel

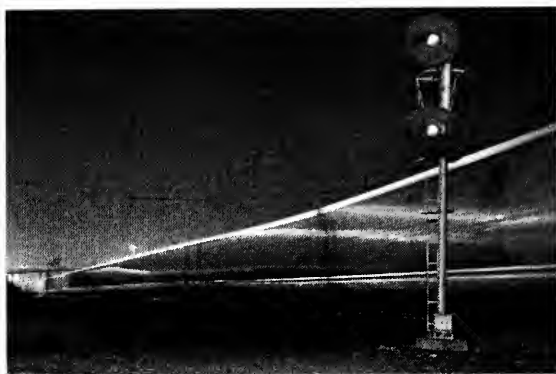


photo by Marlin Thorman

In Dreams

~Matthew Shallenberger~

Reality, it's said by some,
Is highly overrated
The sweet escape of sleep, they pine
Is often understated
In dreams they long to lose themselves;
Perhaps they wish to stay
Lost in a land where nothing's work,
And everything is play

Sometimes when life is hard, I too
Abhor my waking hours
I'd like to end all fear and pain;
Alas, I lack the power
Then watching sunlight dying slowly
In the west, I pray
The night will be a coffin for
The worries of the day

So when I lay my head to rest,
In dreams will I awaken
To worlds of endless mystery,
Where silent sighs are sacred
And when the dark of night is pierced
By morning bright and full,
The shadows keep the secrets to
The whispers of the soul

Like We Never Loved Before

~Darla Jenkins~

You never told me....
Is it so hard to say?
A secret buried in a dank alleyway
What are you afraid of?
What can I do to you?
Nothing, absolutely nothing
Can make up for this hurt
A slow, internal, aching is all
I have left of my chewed up
And spit out excuse for a heart
Were those moments really spent together?
Were thoughts exchanged too cheap to cherish?
Apparently so...



photo by Emily Appel



photo by Matthew White

Untitled

~Joel Hughes~

I love to act. Turns out *I was born for Broadway* as my auntie would tell you. I'm only 21, and I've already been in *three* off-Broadway shows. I'm hoping to get into Hollywood eventually. Most of us young girls around here think of Hollywood as a promotion from Broadway. But I . . . that is, *we* don't dare tell our producers. They would *kill* us, or maybe just yell at us a bit louder than usual. *The Devil is in Hollywood*, they'd say, or *Broadway is as good as it gets*, or *Hollywood is . . . well*, you understand.

Hollywood to me is all about the "lights, camera, action." I wouldn't get caught up in its "fights, mites, and wights" as Hollywood's talked about around here. Us girls know better. Broadway's just like Hollywood when it comes to the men wearin' the pants and makin' money off us girls. We know better.

My auntie Aggeme is coming to see me next week. She's always come to the premier of my new shows, at least since I've been on Broadway. It's a long drive from Tennessee—that's where we're from, Tennessee. I told her that someday I'd be makin' enough money so that I could buy her a ticket on an airplane. There's this billboard near where auntie lives, *American Airlines from Atlanta to the Kennedy*, it says . . . but I'd buy her a ticket on United. It's much better (I hear).

My boyfriend, Cassander, works at the Kennedy (Jay Ef Kay International Aero-port, they call it). He puts the peoples' bags on the planes. He likes it, I guess. I could never love anything better than acting. 'xcept my boyfriend, of course . . . least that's what I tell 'im.

I've been busier than usual gettin' ready for this new show. My producer's been tryin' to get me to talk without my accent. *Sounds like you're stupid*, he says. I know he's right. There's many a reason why New Yorkers are more successful than Tennesseans; for one thing, they don't talk like they used to own slaves and plantations. They double-talk more, that's for sure, but so does everyone these days. That's what you do to get ahead. My new show's called *Tinker Bell Twinkie*; it's my first one on Broadway. I'm not really the star of the show. But I'll be *the star* before you know it . . . once I get enough experience. If you know anything about science, you'll know

that millions of years ago, after the big bang, that there were millions of stars made in an *instant*. That's not how stars are made now. I'm glad. I think that if God has to work harder makin' 'em . . . *making those stars* now, then we humans should have to work harder, too. I do work hard. Harder than anyone knows. Between bussing tables and acting (which seem like the same thing sometimes) I've got no time for myself... or for Cassander. And... let me get the phone...

Three days till the big night. Auntie Aggeme will be here two days from now. I'm going to change my name today. Nestra Gideoni sounds so foreign, anyhow. Do you want to know who I'll be? You'll have to wait for opening night for that. They've already printed the posters, and my new name is in tiny little letters on the bottom. I told my producer about it a month ago; you know . . . *before* the posters were printed. My producer tells me that he's glad I'm thinking more progressively. I'm excited.

Two days till the show. My manager is giving me two days off work this week. So I've got tomorrow and opening-night day away from the diner. Cassander told me that he's going to take auntie and I out for a nice dinner tomorrow. I told him that I couldn't—that I had too much to do—but he insisted. *You need to eat*, he said. Most of the girls around here hardly eat at all. It's healthier for actresses not to eat as much because then we look nicer. I didn't used to believe that, but I've seen what they do to fat girls around here. I'm not fat.

Auntie will be here in one hour, she said. She just called me from a payphone. She said she's in *Easton, near Nazareth* . . . that's at least two hours away with the evening rush hour. But I didn't tell her.

It's two-hours fifteen minutes later now, and auntie just got here. She's fixing her makeup. Cassander will be here anytime now. There's the doorbell

Aren't you gonna get anything more than a salad, Cassander asked. It was a beautiful restaurant. *I ate something a little earlier*, I

said even though I really *didn't*. We ate and talked about the weather. I'd be leaving soon. *Excuse me*, I said and headed towards the water closet. That's when auntie spilled her drink. Now isn't that just like Luck? Cassander and she were then distracted. I left the restaurant.

My new boyfriend, Jegison, was waiting outside and had all of me—that is, everything of mine packed in his car. I'm sure I'll make it in Hollywood. That's where we're going—Hollywood. *What about the show?* you ask. Turns out I was just part of the Audience.

(Broad is the way, still broader to Hollywood.)



photo by Emily Appel

Martha Christian

~Brittany Blankenship~

(An imitation of "Richard Cory" by Edwin Arlington Robinson)

Whenever Martha Christian walked somewhere
We children on the sidewalk looked at her.
Oh, she was flawless from boots to glossy hair;
Her wool coat could've been a cloak of fur.

And she was always perfectly at ease.
And she was always tactful when she spoke.
Her smile was like a golden summer breeze,
Bestowed so kindly on all us winter folk.

And she was pretty in a modest way
And smarter than those standard-scoring tests.
Her very aura made us, everyday,
Wish that we were only half as blest.

So on we worked for work – but never play –
And built our mansions huge to store our stress.
And Martha Christian, one golden summer day,
Popped a pill to silence her success.

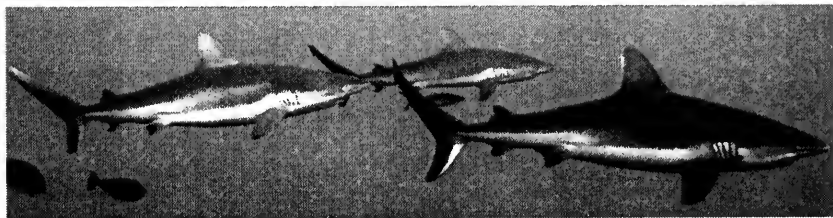


photo by Matthew White

Mom's Treasure Box

~Vanessa Pham~

I search for chocolate chip cookies
in your old recipe box.
Among the sea
of magazine clip-outs
and fancy picture cards
of Russian rainbow teacakes
and glittery fruit slice cookies,
I find a picture
of my fourth birthday cake –
a clown bedecked
with an M&M party hat,
a collar to match
and a gum-drop nose.
Clown cakes don't just happen, after all.

A hand-written recipe
pokes above the commercial cards.
"Banana Nut Bread" on notebook paper
written in your hand.
I spy another in your hand,
"Coffee Cake."
You hated coffee.
I find more folded notebook papers
written by you.
I pull another,
and another,
hungrily unfolding them like candy wrappers,
smelling the paper,
consuming your handwriting,
savoring the memory of your recipes –
treasures I hadn't tasted
in at least nine years,
planning to bring them to life again
with flour and sugar.

I wish it were that easy
to do with you.



photo by Joel Hughes

Sun

~Rachel Lovelace~

The sun shines in the sky
cheerfully illuminating the purple violets
on the window sill and the courtyard below my window.
The light stings my eyes as it shows me life
hurrying by outside.

I shrink back; the vivid light hurts.
I wonder if the Sun is as happy as it appears.
Maybe the Sun is just going through
the motions behind a happy façade,
only shining because like breathing
and getting out of bed the morning, it's merely a habit,
done in an effort to eclipse the deadness within.

Irish Cliffs

~Megan Elmendorf~

Singing droplets myst before me
Coming up to greet us from the emerald sea,
Dampening our clothes like mischievous fayes,
As they march forth from the secluded bays.

Thick clouds press in upon our shore
Where we stand ready like all times before.
Rage and tragedy have come but are gone
Quickly receding 'fore the approaching dawn.

I stand here with your hand in mine
And feel your assurance that all will be fine.
We stand as conquerors over the vengeful waves
Who had set out to put us in our graves.
Wild winds whirl past the scar,
Though they be too gentle to mar.
My fears are borne away on this wind
I did not but you did them send.
Long light graces me,
As I gaze out to the calm emerald sea.



Neglected Chance

~Sara Schaeetzka~

Tear this up
confessions only
break hearts,

I love you

I really do.

You swept me

Away.

I wanted so
badly to
take that
chance.

Such that I
wrote it
down in a poem.
You read it

"I love it

I really do"

And yet

I didn't have
the heart
to tell you

I love you

I really do.

And what was intended
as a secret
desire,
turned into
a past
that left a wound
so deep
I had to
write three more poems
to keep that secret
from you.

I love you

I really do.

Tear this up
confessions only
break hearts...



photo by Matthew White

Reflection

~Melissa Faifer~

Rays of light stream through the break of dawn,
Entwined with wisps of lacy cloud.
Remnant traces of battle are gone,
The world engulfed in a hazy shroud.
Alas, one man stands alone,
His silhouette black against the rising sun.
His sword pierces the ground of stone;
The battle was victorious, but the war had just begun.

XoXoXo
~Joel Hughes~

Hugs and Kisses and a better time_
traveler (*past present*) *past*_
tense, readying for my tenth interview *present*_
“s, as in ‘serfing,’ and, ‘sequential sights’” *past*_
tense, didn’t get the job, again, *present*_
the brown-me still wadeing *past*_
through the earthy pool and dive *presently*_
driven to excel, failing—equality is a state of kind.

live but from death, bereft of basic wishes:
a job, a home, Five Loaves, Two Fishes.

(*still missing you, mother, Miss Hugs and Kisses.*)



photo by Emily Appel

Shoes

~Ismaiias Recinos~

A pair of shoes lie on the floor
A whispering wind
A closing door
The feet that filled them
Are no more
Lonely shoes
upon the floor

Cast aside, forgotten yet
One single tear
A cheek is wet
Lonely shoes that must forget
The joy they had
Each single step

Replaced again, by something new
It wasn't them
The feet just grew
So they lie remembering you
All you did
And all you do



photo by Ana Preza

A Goat Tale

~Edward Georgesort~

I grew up on a farm. One thing many farms have is animals. Our farm was no different. We had goats, lots of them. I was a typical annoying child, and occasionally gave in to the urge to tease them.

Female goats are known as “nannies” and are not fun to tease, because they don’t fight back, they just run away. Chasing them is a little fun, but they run too fast for an average boy to catch. Not unlike human females.

Male goats are known as “billies” and are very fun to tease, because they fight back. Now, when you’re ten years old, you can’t harass just any billy goat, because the full grown ones are too irritable, strong, and soaked in their own body fluids. Not unlike human males.

No, you want to find one that is about half-grown, one going through puberty, so to speak. At this age, the average billy is territorial, aggressive, and willing to fight back, but too weak and stupid to do much of anything. Not unlike human adolescents.

This story is about one such billy goat that I discovered one day when I should have been doing something productive. He was in a pen all by himself, he was about half grown, and he had a look of utter and total hatred on his face. He looked a lot like Satan, actually. Overall, he looked like fun.

I climbed into the pen and spent about an hour annoying him. He wanted me out, but all he could do was butt me with his little horns, which didn’t hurt at all. I remember grabbing him by the horns, spinning him around in a circle, and running away, watching him dizzily hobble after me. This was more fun than Disneyland. However, I eventually lost interest and left the poor goat alone.

I did not encounter him again for some time, until about six months later when I was out stacking firewood. He went walking

right by me, out of his pen and apparently having the time of his life. This wasn't the way things worked on the farm. Billy goats were supposed to be in pens, not wandering around. I resolved to remedy this issue immediately.

I constructed a "goat war station." It consisted of an empty trailer, and various weapons with which I could attack the goat from a safe vantage point. The weapons consisted mostly of water jugs and string. The plan was to lure the goat within range, douse him a few times, then rope him and lead him back to his pen.

The only problem was that the goat had no desire to pursue me. In fact, all he did was run away when I got close. I've already explained that chasing goats isn't much fun, but I did anyways. I chased him until he jumped into a pen filled with young nanny goats.

This was a pen, but this was not the pen he was supposed to be in. The matter was becoming more complicated by the minute, but I wasn't ready to give up yet. I realized the only way I was going to get him out would be to make him angry enough to chase me.

Unfortunately, this task proved difficult. No matter what I did, the goat ignored me. He was far more interested in the young nanny goats. Eventually, I found that shooting him with a high powered watering hose did just the trick.

Now I had one very upset goat on my hands. I also quickly found out that the goat had grown quite a bit more in the past six months than I had. The tables turned rather abruptly.

The goat charged at me with far more speed than I would have appreciated, leaving me only one option. I grabbed his horns, and thus began a very long grappling match.

He pushed me into the corner of the pen, but I kept a firm grip on him. Soon, we both had discovered that neither of us was strong enough to overpower the other. He couldn't ram me while I held his horns, but I couldn't escape the pen while doing so. We were at a stalemate. Contrary to what you learned in history class, this is how the Cold War actually began.

An hour had passed. I observed my mother in the distance. Should I yell for help? No, I was ten years old now, man enough to handle a goat without mommy bailing me out.

Two hours had passed. I observed some workers in the distance. Should I yell for help? No, I had gotten myself into this mess and I was going to get myself out of it. It was a hot day, and both I and the goat smelled repugnant, and we were both tired, but neither was ready to concede.

Three hours had passed. My five-year-old brother approached and wanted to know what I was doing. At this point I was really tired of goats, and wanted out badly. The goat was becoming more upset and was struggling harder, as well.

I was about to tell my brother to go away, when a solution came to my mind. My brother could come into the pen, take the goat by the horns, and then I could escape. I could then pull him over the top of the pen, we would both be home free, and we would never speak of the incident again. It all made so much sense at the time.

My brother agreed, got into the pen, and took the horns. I quickly climbed over the fence, and turned around just in time to see my brother being smashed into a fence post, followed by a very unpleasant cracking sound. The goat then trotted away, apparently content with his revenge.

I was sure that my brother was broken, but he managed to climb out of the pen, and thankfully was not seriously injured. I, however, had suffered a rather fatal injury to my pride.

My stupidity in approaching that goat is a lot like the way we fall into temptation. Because I had played with it when it was smaller, I didn't recognize it when it was larger and actually dangerous.

Satan doesn't throw large temptations in front of us right away. He's too smart for that. He knows that by giving into small temptations, we take baby steps towards life shattering ones. He knows that jealousy leads to theft, lust leads to adultery, and hatred leads to murder, and he has used this technique to bring many strong men and women down.

And when we are trapped by sin, it is our natural reaction to believe that we can save ourselves from it. I spent several hours in a pen with an angry goat because I didn't want to ask for help. The fact of the matter was, I was unable to get out on my own and no amount of determination could change that. And just as somebody else took the punishment for my stupidity, Christ has taken the punishment for our sins. We need to rely on His power, not own our own.



photo by Joel Hughes

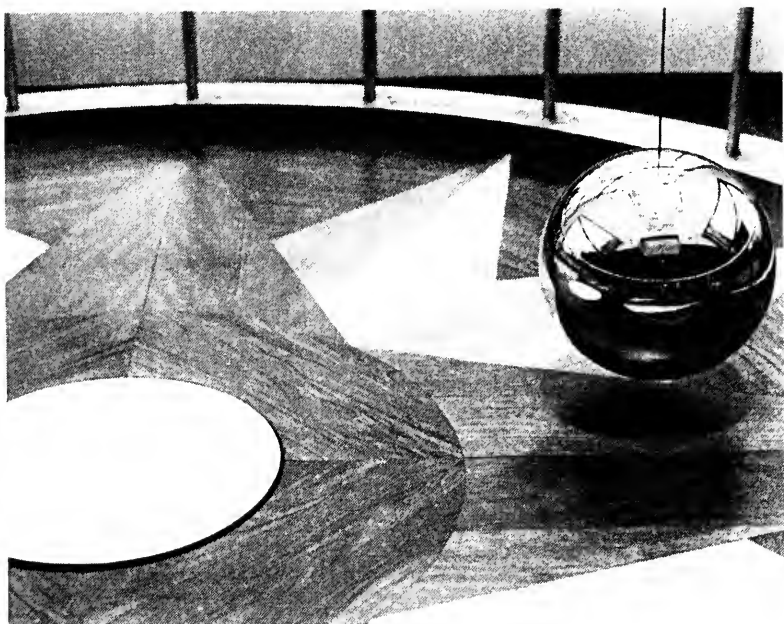


photo by Ana Preza



photo by Emily Appel

Incarnate

-Vanessa Pham-

Beautiful God, to earth you came
as a common man and not to reign
on a visible throne but to be slain
was your mission, and death your fame.

Beautiful cross that bore my shame
Beautiful nails that pierced Love's vein
Beautiful blood that drowned my pain
Beautiful God who knows my name.



photo by Matthew White

He Will Be There

~Ellen Poirier~

I can see you're hurting
Crying on the inside
You thought it would be better
Things were supposed to change

I can see you're doubting
Wondering if you took the wrong road
Is this how its supposed to be?
Is any one even there?

Oh He will be there
Through the good and the bad times
He'll be holdin' your hand
Oh He hears you
He hears you when you're crying
Crying on the inside

"Is this hope for real," you say
"Can he really be there for me?"
This loneliness is getting old
Can things really change?"

Oh He will be there
Through the good and the bad times
He'll be holdin' your hand
Oh He hears you
He hears you when you're crying
Crying on the inside

God's there for you and me
He always has, and He always will
He's looking out for us
And He wants nothing more
Than to take
The loneliness away

Oh He is there
Through the good and the bad times
He'll be holdin' your hand
Oh He heard you
He heard you when you were crying
Crying on the inside

Oh just trust in Him
Trust Him in the good times
And trust Him in the bad
Oh have faith in your God
For He wants nothing more than
To take the loneliness away...



photo by Marlin Thorman

To the Poet

~Brittany Blankenship~

As Bach composed "Magnificat,"
As Shakespeare crafted Hamlet,
Compose and craft me as You will
Since I, alone, cannot.
Wield your pen with artist's grace
And take command of me.
Write a cadence echoing
Heaven's symphony.
Every stanza, rhyme, and line:
Make it point to Thee.
Wind my words 'round thoughts of You,
Like ivy wraps a tree,
'til naught else shows but Thy bright form
Yet shadowed by a poem.



photo by Marlin Thorman



photos by Marlin Thorman

Winter Breeze

~Darla Jenkins~

Winter Breezes rippling,
up and down my spine,
chilling my every bone
and freezing my cold heart.

Winter Breezes blowing,
softly to and fro,
in the smallest crack
and in the greatest canyon.

Winter Breezes drifting,
in the cool sweet air,
tasting it is delicious
and soft to the lips.
These are the Winter Breezes....

Come

~Jessica Kisunzu~

Come with me and walk a while
This journey is a lifetime long
Peaks and valleys, twists and turns
Two will keep each other strong

Sit with me and talk a while
With open ears and hearts that care
Joy and sorrow, laughter, tears
Life and blessings that we share

Let's relax and *be* a while
Lay troubled thoughts and burdens down
Finding rest in peace and love
Silence speaking more than sound

Come with me and walk a while
Through the seasons, year by year
There's no need to walk alone
I'm here



photo by Joel Hughes

The Marriage Pot

~Franklin Radcliff~

Deep in the jungles of southern Asia there lived a young girl in a small village. Even though this girl was still quite young she one day decided that it was time to find a husband. She begged and pleaded with her father to allow her to marry, but no matter how much she cried he would not consent. Finally one day he decided he had had enough. He came up with a sly way to get her to drop the subject all together. He went out and bought the biggest clay jar he could find. It was nearly as big as the girl herself. He then took it to her and said, "If you can take this jar into the jungle to the water hole and fill it completely and then bring it back, then I shall let you choose a husband."

She looked at the jar with defiant determination and tried to lift it. It was so heavy that she could barely lift it off the ground. Undaunted, she began to drag the jar through the jungle. Once she had filled the jar she tried to drag it back, but it was so full that she could not move it. She tried this for many hours until it started to get dark. Suddenly a bear came out of the jungle and started to chase her. Seeing the bear she ran and climbed a tree to get away.

"Help me! Help me!" She screamed in fear.

At that moment a mischievous imp named Oni was flying over head. Now Oni normally loved to play tricks on adults and he would have just gone on by but he noticed the girl was not very old. Moved by her plight, he swooped down and scared the bear away.

"Thank you so much" she said. She then went back to her jar and continued to try and drag it back home through the jungle. Slightly amused by the site of such a small girl trying to move such a large jar he walked up and with his supernatural strength he easily hefted the jar up to his shoulder and walked beside her through the jungle all the way back home. In the morning her father came out to see the jar filled with water. He was dumbfounded by the thought that she had spent the whole night dragging the pot back home with water in it. With no more ideas as to how to dissuade her from marrying, he gave in.

"Surely a girl with this much determination is ready for the trials of marriage," he told her. "You may pick any man to be your husband that you wish."

She burst out of the house and ran back through the jungle to the water hole shouting with joy, she jumped into the water and started dancing around. As she was doing this she noticed Oni sitting down stream catching fish. She quickly ran to him.

"Thank you for all your help, you've made it so that I can be happy in life. How can I ever repay you?"

"There is no need for your gratitude, young girl. Any good man would have went out of his way to help in such a simple matter." He replied.

With this answer she knew then that this man, filled with mystery and magic, was the one she wanted to spend her life with. Together they walked back to the village where she presented her betrothed to a bewildered father. His hands tied by his promise to her, he gave his blessing and they were soon married and happy forever after.



photo by Alexander Jacques

On the Agony and Eventual Profit of Waiting

~Kayla McAuliffe~

The Lord promised her a child;
Sarah waited.

A year, ten years. She
made her husband's breakfast,
paid the servants,
oversaw the plantings
and harvests.

Twenty harvest.
Every year her hair turning
grayer, the skin around her knuckles pooling.
She waited until she understood:
the promise was not for her.

Then
Sarah stood out of the way
of a promise that was still
her husband's.
Gave him a new wife,
stood by as the new wife had
the promised child.

Still making breakfast,
still paying the servants. She
watched the son of her husband
grow, year by year, herself growing
colder, losing her spirit,
losing her husband to a child
they could not share.
Her posture drooping.
Her prayers sobs.
Sarah waited.

The Lord relieved her suffering.
Ninety years. She had
a son.

May He be so gracious to me.

Morning Walk

~Beth-Anne Vanderlaan~

Let me put my fingers in Your mane
so I can feel Your breath.
For You are the reason I opened the wardrobe
and stepped inside. The reason for me to have
faith like a child. Because it's hard for me to believe

but as I cling to Your mane
in the dawn
that will change all the world
I feel the blood in my heart and veins move and I wonder—
if You are what I was always wanting
to hold on to. Because now that I feel You
beneath my fingers
I am ready

to breathe.



photo by Matthew White



photo by Beth-Anne Vanderlaan

Readers, Writers, and Arsonists

~Jason Vanderlaan~

Sometimes rants are better written and not read,
And sometimes silence has the Midas touch.

Sometimes the folded paper finds its place in the pocket,
And sometimes wisdom is found with the teeth on the tongue.

But tables have the tendency to turn
When we least expect it.

Because the time is coming
When the voiceless will scream
And the unspoken will find a home in your ears.

And the time is coming
When the shadows will burn
And the hidden will find a home in your eyes.



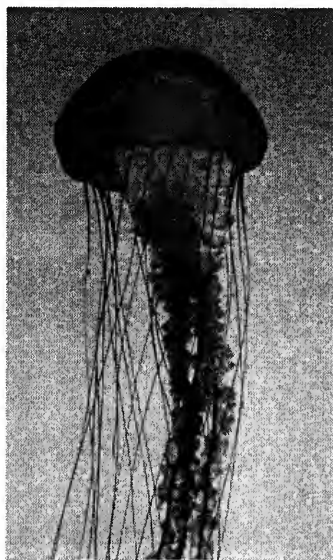
photo by Sara Schaezka



photo by Brian Gonzalez



photo by Joel Hughes



photos by Matthew White

Cesario

~Kayla McAuliffe~

He said:

I wish I could just be attracted
to you; how straightforward
life would seem.

I stepped over
a crack in the sidewalk.
The silence between us compelled me
to respond.

So
hiding, as always,
behind a sisterly affection,
I chided his oversimplification:
Wouldn't we, even, fight
over the TV remote?

A smile broke the solemnity
of his profile.
Who argues over television?

I don't know.
Some people.

We passed a man sitting beside
the Rite Aid pharmacy—still and pallid—
who looked already dead.

We wouldn't, he said.

I rolled the familiar taste of sadness
around in my mouth
and swallowed it.



photo by Jason Vanderlaan



photo by Brian Gonzalez

Cold Lake Water ~Beth-Anne Vanderlaan~

It's cold. The air freezes
as it leaves my mouth.

But the house is too cramped,
too hot, too noisy.

I can't breathe in there.

Vacation takes us to
the lake. And the cabin here.
It's my first time as a grafted branch
into the vine of this family. And

I am about to suffocate.
So I pick up a rock, feel it over
and throw it across the lake.

I can't skip rocks,
but today is as good as any to learn.

Skip, sink.
Sink, Plop.

Then Matthew comes
out of the house,
and stands beside me
in the cold.

Picking up a smooth stone
he easily swings his arm and

skip, skip, skip
across the lake it goes.

He picks up two stones now,
hands one to me,
and we begin
again.

And suddenly
I remember
why I'm here.



photo by Jason Vanderlaan

The Truth About Authors

~Jason Vanderlaan~

We are guilty, all of us,
Poets and novelists alike,
Of the half-finished,
Half-dreamed, half-hearted.

We are guilty of the metaphor, abandoned;
The idea, discarded;
The story, cut short;
The character, half formed
In the womb of our imagination.

We, authors of creativity and thought,
Are guilty of abortions and murders,
Of being distracted and bored and busy,
Of leaving a man dangling on the edge of a cliff,
A woman waiting for her lover to return,
A simile unfinished, a rhyme without its other half.

And we,
We are so thankful
That God is not like us –

So thankful that He is both
Author and Finisher,

That He not only writes our stories,
But became a character,

That He not only composes life's poetry,
But is the poetry of our souls.

We are so thankful that He has promised
To finish what He began.

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